

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 3.]

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1845.

[Vol. 2, 1845.



GOTHIC AVIARY AT THE COLOSSEUM.

THE COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S PARK.

Where the prodigies which modern skill can accomplish will stop, it might be hazardous to declare, but what has already been done moves astonishment and admiration in every observer. Not to-day have we to notice, for the first time, the triumphs of art associated with the Colosseum. The magnificent picture of London, such as London was in the year 1829, taught the public that the pencil could effect more than had till then been contemplated. It no more pleased the eye with merely a pretty painting, a fanciful resemblance, but it placed before the spectator the reality. The main streets of the metropolis, and all its public buildings, cannot be better known viewed from St. Paul's than they are as seen within the walls of the Colosseum.

To this distinction, long enjoyed, lavish outlay and exquisite taste have recently made enormous additions. Within its vast enclosure we find almost every noble variety that a romantic mind could hope to enjoy if provided with Aladdin's wealth and power—it suddenly found itself at home in the abodes of royalty, or gifted to bound over oceans and mountains with more than the swiftness of the eagle's wing.

The aspect of the building, and its fine approaches, prepare the mind for something extraordinary, and certainly within we experience no disappointment. All that was excellent before has been enlarged and improved, while the changes are so vast, and so numerous, that, of the whole exhibition, it may with truth be said, that those who have not seen it very recently, have not seen it at all.

The Glyptotheca, or Museum of Sculpture, which now takes the place of what was formerly the "Saloon of Arts," instead of the calico draperies, which seemed merely a tent, hastily fitted up, presents a most magnificent apartment. Its lofty dome challenges admiration, supported by numerous columns, and several thousands of feet of richly cut glass, spread from its entablature and cornice. The frieze is enriched with the whole of the Panathenaic procession from the Elgin Marbles. It occupies the entire circumference of the Hall. Twenty fresco paintings of allegories appear above. The mouldings, cornices, and capitals of columns and enrichments, are all in gold. Beyond the circle of columns is one of an equal number of pilasters, dividing and supporting arched recesses. Here we find numerous works of art, contributed by British and foreign sculptors. Looking at these alone, the visitor might pass a whole day with pleasure and advantage. But not to these will his observation be confined; as he advances he will perceive himself, now in the most gorgeous halls that architecture

could furnish, and now gazing on rocks and water and waterfalls, amazed at the rugged majesty of Nature.

That such an assemblage of beauties and wonders should have been so successfully brought before the public, is an interesting and not unimportant feature in the history of the nineteenth century. The Gothic Aviary, of which we give a fine engraving, for profuse embellishment, may vie with anything that we could hope to find in a palace. It is superbly fitted up with gilt carved work, "Such as Isabella of Castile might be supposed to have constructed amidst the relics of a Moorish palace, or Abu Abdallah, with true Arabian gallantry, to have conjured up for the solace of some fair christian captive, within the enchanted halls of his own Alhambra."

The exterior promenade brings before us the picturesque and memorable remains of antiquity. Of the glories of Greece and Rome, for the most part

"Gone glittering through the dream of things that were,"

we are vividly reminded, where—

"Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grow,
Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, columns
strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes
steep'd"

In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight. Temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can: for all that learning reap'd
From her research hath been, that these are
walls."

And it is well said, in an animated description, which has been prepared:—

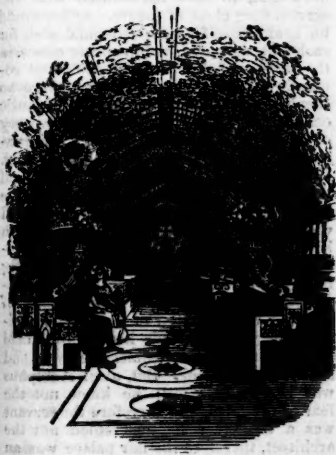
"In these days of steam navigation and



ANCIENT RUINS.

overland journeys to India, when Parisian *flâneurs* are to be met amongst the ruins of Carthage, and Bond-street loungers in the Great Desert of Sahara—when, in turning a corner of the Great Pyramid, you may run against your London friend in a Chesterfield wrapper, or in ascending Mount Lebanon, recognise a recent partner at Almack's in all the glory of her last new bonnet from Maradan's, the reality of the scene before us is nowise impaired by the modern European costume of the visitors, and we may 'sit down upon this mossy stone,' and look upon them as the latest arrivals by 'The Oriental,' via Malta and Alexandria, or by the 'Dampfschiff,' from Vienna to the 'Golden Horn.'

Mr. W. Bradwell, the inventor of Artificial Ice, is the gentleman to whom we are indebted for a gratification so novel and so extraordinary. The Stalactite Caverns, the Chalet, or Swiss Cottage, the Mer de Glace, and Mont Blanc, came before us in interesting succession, and last, not least, an effort of almost magical ingenuity, "London by Night." Of this it is difficult to speak in terms of moderation. We cannot do it tolerable justice in the present number, and therefore reserve it for next week.



THE CONSERVATORY.

Poetry, as it teaches the knowledge of the heart, and develops the powers of the imagination, is not only pleasing, but instructive, in the great study of morality—the most essential of all; that to which all learning tends, and without which learning is of no avail.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE AUTHOR RUSTICATING.

DEDICATED TO THE NOW RUSTICATING GENTRY OF LONDON.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

(Continued from page 21.)

It has often been a question with us whether the citizens or the country people are the more given to *gourmanderie*. It is, indeed, but a section in what is styled respectable society, who eat because they are hungry, or drink because they are dry. The hardy day labourer, and the loaded and jaded porter, snatch the crust of bread, or the pint of ale, to strengthen or refresh themselves; but those who have more leisure and means, will require something more than what is wholesome and nutritious, and hence *cuisinerie*, even in England, not to speak of our good French neighbours, is a science of no mean importance; and the only one with which many of the quality are at all acquainted—one which has, perhaps, elicited more rich fancy and genius, and excited more enthusiasm than all the rest together. A good table is not only the chief pleasure, but the chief pride of thousands, not only of farmers, but of gentry; and when friends visit them, their principal resource for entertainment lies in the larder, as though an exquisite bill of fare was the best, if not the only, way to recommend themselves to their friends—thus regarded and treated as belonging to that order of half human, half canine species of mortals "whom nature," as Sallust tells us, "has made, like the brutes, obedient to their bellies." Summer is indeed the time when nature is the more luxuriant—more bountiful to the capricious appetite; and we may here follow her, and be more luxuriant too, and, indeed, hospitality demands an unstinted and liberal table. But let us not style a glutton a *bon vivant*, nor distinguish gluttoning by the name of good living, for according to this many reprobates would be the best of christians.

There are two classes who seem in this respect to form one fraternity, and that is London aldermen and country squires, and no two rival aristocratic families can vie with each other with greater extravagance in the rival splendour of their equipages, than many of them do in what they call, and what indeed constitutes, their style of living. It was thus with Sir Thomas, though moderate compared with many, he had nearly as many dishes as a Spanish grandee; and the principal talk at table was directed to the luxuries by which the several towns Sir Thomas had visited, was distinguished, the disappointments and the unexpected treats, which his too good na-

tured interior had known during the past few years. But instead of enjoying as he had anticipated, the luxuries of a country table, he found nothing but the dainties of the metropolis; and the squire's table was here a representative of his establishment in other respects. There was nothing rural or rustic; none of that good simplicity and liberality which distinguished the old English gentleman, but everything was from or of town manufacture, manner, or fashion, although the baronet lives in the heart of the country, some miles removed from any town. The young ladies were always praying their father to remove to one of the fashionable squares in London, which he declared he would be as eager and delighted to do as themselves, were it not for the superior living to be enjoyed in the country, and the pleasures of hunting hares and field sports, to which he was so partial. The young ladies required a variety of hot dishes; for Miss W. liked one dish which her sister Matilda could never touch, and her cousin could not abide this; and they never were unanimous but in choosing the best of everything in season. It must cost no small sum to furnish the wine-cellar of the baronet, and that for light wines alone; with respect to which the same diversity of taste prevailed. With one nothing would go down but Madeira, the Rhenish and Spa helped the digestions of others, whilst Miss W. preferred a glass of dry Mountain. Mr. Adolphus was perplexed beyond measure, not wishing to disoblige any, but to oblige all, which was impossible, as they all appealed to him as an infallible umpire to decide the respective merits of their peculiar preferences.

On the morrow Mr. Adolphus was taken to hunt. The squire loaded him with a huge gun, threw a bag and pouch across his shoulders, making him look for all the world like Robinson Crusoe. After he had followed him over three or four ploughed fields, a servant, who was with them, hallowed out—mark! when the baronet's gun went off so suddenly, that it almost threw him into a swoon, and at last he could hardly be convinced that Sir Thomas had shot nothing but a partridge.

After this you may conclude that Adolphus was not to be prevailed on to hunt. Miss Fanny, the huntress—the Boadicea of the family—tempted him, however, to accompany her on a morning ride; but even of this he heartily repented. Miss Fanny he finds, valued neither hedge nor ditch, has the strength of a charwoman, and, in short, is more like Trulla, in "Hudibras," than a woman of fashion. Unluckily, too, the horse he rode was skittish and unruly; so that while he was scampering after Miss Fanny, a sudden start brought him to the ground. Adolphus fortunately received no

hurt, but the fall so fluttered his spirits that Miss Fanny was obliged to take him up behind her. When they arrived at the house he was, as might be expected, in the utmost confusion, which was not in the least lessened, as the booby servants stood gaping and grinning at his distress, and Sir Thomas himself told him, with a laugh as horrible as Caliban's, that he would lend him one of his maids to carry him out airing every morning.

When I visit a large family I always think what a pity it is that they are not musical. In the present instance, music was regarded merely as an accomplishment, not as a solace, an intellectual and a spiritual feast, a bond of union and cement of sisterly affection. The drawing-room when converted into a concert-room, and this is a holy and sanctified dedication, was a mere theatre for display. Though the execution was brilliant there was no soul, no feeling in the touch and the correspondent sound. Adolphus would have preferred some country-maid skilled in the harp, by the side of the murmuring rivulet, at the extremity of a woody grove, about two miles removed from the baronet's seat, to have harmonised with the surrounding choir of nature. Often would he seat himself on the stile, and wish for such soft, delicious, and inspiring music, in the recesses of that most agreeable and romantic solitude, but there was there no shepherd nor shepherdess; he heard music once, indeed, but it was the plaintive cry of some of the rude children of the peasantry, grating to the ear and to the soul. But could not the charms of scenery and the melody of nature fill his soul to the overflow of joy. No! society was still wanted; friendship, love, the sympathy with kindred spirits; change, therefore, only inspired him with melancholy, not a pleasing but a sad melancholy. Had Adolphus indeed been imbued with an ardent spirit of piety, or with the glow of devotion, imagination would have made his inward world like the external—a summer's paradise and a banquetting scene. But, alas! Adolphus was here a stranger; he knew not the fear of the Lord, and therefore the servant was a stranger; he understood not the architect, therefore the fair palace was an enigma. Yea, something more, a scene that would bring him back to himself, to the contemplation of his own littleness and loneliness, and nature, in her harmonies, has beauties and glories pointed to no blissful hereafter—no glorious and enraptured seat of disenthralled spirits, of which it was but a faint type, but only served, by way of contrast, to darken the picture of man's social and moral condition. How different the true christian; how superior; how refined and enraptured his gaze on the

lovely, the picturesque, and sublime in nature. If this world is but mortality, and mutability, and evanescence, what must be the world of immortality, where there is no change from summer to winter, because there is no decay? If this is the creature, what must be the creator? If this is but the vestibule, what must be the temple? what the shekinah? If this is but the footstool, what must be the throne? Let us never separate the philosopher, much less the lover of nature, from the christian.

The evening walk is a thing unknown and unheard of at the hall, for though situated in a very fine country, the baronet and his family know no more of the charms of purling streams and shady groves than if they had never existed but in poetry and romance. As soon as the daily debauch after dinner, and the ceremonies of coffee and tea are over, the company is conducted into a magnificent apartment illuminated with wax candles, and set out with as many card tables as the rout of a foreign ambassador's lady. Such, according to Mr. Adolphus, is the genteel manner of living in this "delightful rookery;" and I cannot help observing that persons, polite enough to be fond of such exquisite refinements, are partly in the same case with the mechanic at his dusty villa. They both, indeed, change their situations; but neither find the least alteration in their ideas. The tradesman, when at his box, has all the notions that employ him in his counting-house; and the fashionable squire or baronet, though in the farthest part of England, may still be said to breathe the air of Regent-street.

We have been speaking of religion. There was evidently none at Carleton Hall, though there is generally more amongst all ranks in the country than in town. Its inmates were indeed regular in their attendance at the parish church in the village, and its minister was treated with kindness and respect, for, after service, he was always taken home to dinner, being as constant at table on Sunday as a roast sirloin and a plum pudding. But there was no visiting of the poor, no religious conversation or reading, not to speak of family devotion. At the same time, each member of the family group could loudly and rancorously inveigh against the want of religion, or the gross improprieties of those, who, contrary to their own high-mindedness, were more holy than themselves. Real religion always gives good sense, at least, in some degree, though it may not altogether correct the native eccentricities or weaknesses of character, or counteract the mighty unforeseen current of circumstances and apparent contingencies. At all events, it renders its possessor more or less amiable and inte-

resting, casting a shadow over a thousand defects or infirmities, wherever character is regarded with anything like a sound impartial discrimination. It gives, in fine, to character, what devotion does to nature; it sheds a lustre and beauty over its entire aspect which nothing else can afford.

After Mr. Adolphus had been at Carleton Hall about a fortnight, he received an offer of marriage from the future consort of the great statesman, which not a little disconcerted him. Had it been from the learned lady it would have been more in keeping; but his embarrassment did not continue long, for a few days after, this ambitious lady deserted her father's mansion, and without informing any one as to her direction or purpose, left the baronet and his family in a state of indescribable alarm and anxiety. The feeling of distress was by no means alleviated when they were apprised that the usher of a large commercial school, reported to be a great genius, had also been missed the same night. The new law as to marriage in Scotland had not then come into operation, and these two young geniuses quickly tied the knot for life.

And this leads us to the final withdrawal of Mr. Adolphus. In one of their long rides to a neighbouring hamlet, they happened to meet a family with whom they were on speaking terms. A storm threatening, they were induced, for once, to visit these humble but gentle neighbours. They were the very antipodes of the Winterbothams, and there being two or three grown-up ladies in the household, our worthy and delectable friend got smitten with one of them, which led to a fearful catastrophe, for two or three days after Mr. Adolphus thought he should like to go again alone on horseback in that direction. The whole truth soon came out; the whole family were in a turmoil; they came to words; they wondered at Mr. Adolphus's familiarities; hoped he would soon leave, for he had certainly stayed long enough; he was such a disagreeable, ungentlemanly young man; had nothing but pretension; and the sooner he returned to manna the better for all. Mr. Adolphus forthwith complied, being of a very pliant and amiable turn of temper, and after remaining a fortnight in the family of the Worthies, and giving and returning love as incessantly, though not as mechanically, as we inhale and exhale oxygen, he made his bow to the country, and returned once more to London, which, had it not been for his last fortnight's visit to the Worthies, would have appeared a paradise, but which now seemed more than ever a pandemonium.

INSTALLATION IN ANCIENT TIMES OF A DUKE OF CARINTHIA.

But the following most singular and solemn ceremonials of entering into possession and receiving homage were enjoined to the dukes of Carinthia. Jacop Grimm says, "the principle upon which this form proceeded was, that every new duke must take his lands and privileges as by purchase from the people, and their representative—a free peasant. Whenever, therefore, a new duke is to receive the homage hereditarily due to him, a peasant of the race of the Edlinger places himself upon the marble ducal seat at Zollfeld. Round about this seat, but without the barriers, as far as eye can reach, throng the country people, awaiting the new duke. This latter personage, in the rude garb of a Slavonian peasant, with a hunter's wallet containing bread, cheese, and agricultural implements (small ones, we hope), carrying a crook in his hand, and having a black steer and a lean cart-horse on either side, approaches the marble seat, led by two noblemen of the province, and followed by all the rest of the nobility and chivalry in the most splendid festal array, with the flags and banners of the duchy. As soon as the procession comes near enough for the peasant to discover the prince, he asks in the Slavonian dialect spoken in Carinthia, 'Who comes hither in such state?' The crowd answer, 'The prince of the country.' The peasant resumes, 'Is he a just judge? Does the good of the country touch his heart? Is he of free and Christian birth?' An unanimous shout of 'He is! he will be!' resounds from the assembled multitude. 'Then, I ask, by what right he will remove me from this seat?' again questions the peasant, and the Count of Görz replies, 'He will buy it of thee for sixty pence. These draught cattle shall be thine, as well as the prince's clothes; thy house shall be free, and thou shalt pay neither tithe nor rent.' The peasant now gives the prince a slight box on the ear, admonishes him to be just, and descending from the marble seat, takes possession of the horse and steer. The new duke ascends the vacated throne, and swinging his drawn sword in every direction, promises right and justice to the people; after which, in proof of his moderation, he takes a draught of water out of his hat. The procession then goes to St. Peter's Church to hear mass. The duke exchanges his rustic dress for princely attire, and holds a magnificent banquet with his knights and nobles. After dinner the company repair to the side of a hill, where stands a seat divided into two by a partition wall. The duke sits on the side fronting the east, and swears, bare-headed and with uplifted fingers, to maintain the

laws and rights of the duchy. Thereupon he receives the homage, the oaths of allegiance of his vassals, and grants the investiture of fiefs. On the opposite side sits the Count of Görz, and grants the fiefs depending mediately upon him, as hereditary count-palatine of Carinthia. So long as the duke sits upon this seat granting fiefs, it is the prescriptive privilege of the race of Gradneckers to appropriate to themselves as much grass as they can mow unless it be ransomed by the owners; whilst robbers enjoy the yet more marvellous right of robbing, and the Portendörfers, and after their extinction the Mordaxters, that of burning the property of whosoever will not compound with them (by the payment of blackmail). These extraordinary ceremonies were duly performed at every accession of a duke of Carinthia during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries: in the fifteenth they disappear."

THE BAZAAR GIRL.

(For the Mirror.)

"The girls of London again," we hear a gentle reader exclaim, "have we not yet suffered a martyrdom commensurate with our sins." "Bear with us and our few ink sketches, awhile, fair one," we reply, "our grey goose quill is not dipped in gall, nor are our shafts levelled with aught of malice against the peculiar features that characterise your sex in its different spheres." We, in spite of all the terrors which a frown from our editorial brow can call up, we confess ourselves to be mere atoms in this world of mortality, borne about by the breeze of each popular whim, or fancy, but compelled by the laws of social life to divest ourselves at times of our majesty, to bow as subjects at the shrine of beauty. You smile, *ergo* we may proceed. We wish to introduce our readers to a class of girls, differing in many respects from those already portrayed by our contemporaries, but uniting some of the striking features which stamp upon each its individual bearing and station. The keen searching eye of the young actress, that shrinks not from the fixed gaze of the casual passer by,—the care and taste displayed in the dress of the young milliner, her ready smile, and the airy coquetry with which she flings her bright glances around—distinguish, in the highest degree, the bazaar girl. She may be seen each morning entering some gaudy structure, bearing the title of "Lounge," but veiled and shawled. Patience, you see her not yet in perfection—beneath many a rough shell, as the German moralists teach, lurk sweets and palatable kernels. In the course of an hour she will be

transformed; then pay your visit. You will see her inviting you by her blindest smile to purchase some small souvenir. Her hair, may be, is hanging in dark ringlets over a pair of well-formed shoulders, a delicate ruffle circles her waist, and the fanciful device of the brooch that binds the light blue ribbon, gives her an air of attraction which she knows full well how to make use of. But you are cold, you pride yourself upon your stoic indifference, you can see beside the painted fly the hook destined to catch the unwary visitor, and the net ready to entangle him in its meshes. Happy soul, wander on unscathed amid the temptations that surround thee, and feast thine eyes without fearing thy purse strings. We will visit thee anon.

Have any of our readers ever gazed listlessly, on a fine morning in July, upon the bosom of silver Thames, at that grand point of bustle and activity—London Bridge, and scanned with curious eye the various groups of merry folks, bent on a day of pleasure at some favourite spot. There is a packet for Gravesend, a broad expanse of happy faces gazes upwards on us; can we resist the temptation. Wiser men ages ago have given us an example to follow, for instance Horace's "*Martiis celebs squid agam Calendis?*" which we take the liberty of translating, "What can we do but take a trip to Gravesend."

The paddle-wheels are soon in motion, the Tower and its associations are speedily changed for the stately domes of Greenwich, once the loved haunt of our first virgin queen and her gallant courtiers. Woolwich, the cradle of our glorious bulwarks, old England's wooden walls, fades in the distance, and the pretty village churches on the Kentish coast, embosomed in the luxuriance of mighty trees, and crowned with ivy green, form so many attractive features in the scenery around. We are nearing a populous town, and the packet speedily disgorges its living freight. We proceed up the narrow High-street, emerging into a broader road, studded with the usual fanciful creations of an architect's brain of the nineteenth century.

The letters forming the word "Bazaar" stand out in glittering dress, and invite us to inspect the interior. That girl with dark blue eyes, presiding at the wheel of fortune (though, by the way, we were once taught to believe that fortune was blind) showers down her smiles upon the assembled company like her first mother, Eve, enticing poor wavering man with her wily arts. You ask why she should wear that happy expression, whether the sweets of bliss and enjoyment haunt this busy mart the live-long day; whether the ills and disappointments, incident to frail humanity, cannot penetrate the recesses of

this earthly elysium. That smile, friend, is not the genuine offspring of unalloyed happiness—it is not the creation of some merry thought; the sweeter her smile, the more enticing her manner, the more valuable she becomes in the eye of the proprietor. She has fulfilled her London engagements with *clat* to herself, and with something more substantial to the coffers of the establishment; and she is now trying the effects of her captivating air and winning looks upon the visitors that flock year by year to inhale the sea breezes, or to enjoy, upon a small scale, the "*Otium cum dignitate.*"

How she succeeds, for her success is not merely that of the individual, it may be taken as that of the entire body, we leave our readers to guess, by stating that on our return to town we met our stoic friend, who offers us the civility of young England, a cigar, not from the case we knew so well of old, but from a new and elegant one, marked, in embroidered characters, "Un petit souvenir." B. T. S. BENFOLD.

THE MILLER AND HIS MAGISTRATES.

In the travels of a lady who has lately visited Spain, we find a story of a miller that a London play-wright might easily manufacture into a good companion to the melodrama of the "*Miller and his Men.*" It runs thus. A rich miller in the country was fixed upon by three persons, as a fit object to be plucked. It so chanced that shortly before the time appointed for the attack of his house, a party of travelling soldiers had requested lodging of him for the night, which he had granted; and these soldiers were sleeping above, when the robbers arrived and demanded his money. The miller told them he would go up and fetch it; he woke the soldiers, and with their assistance killed the three thieves and left them lying. The next day, as it was proper the authorities should be made acquainted with the circumstances, he went to the house of the Alcalde of his *pueblo*, or village, to call him to make his examinations. The Alcalde was not at home; on finding which he proceeded to the next office, who was not at home either. He then went on to a third:—neither was this one to be found, or did anybody know anything of either of the three. At last, therefore, he returned home, and prepared to bury the men himself: when on taking off the masks which had concealed their faces,—lo! and behold,—**THERE LAY THE THREE ALCALDES!!!**

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marquérîte," &c.

VOLUME THE NINTH

CHAPTER X—A GOOD PRIEST.

At that moment Rodin saw Agricola enter M. Hardy's chamber, holding Gabriel by the hand.

The appearance of these two young men presented to M. Hardy such a striking contrast to the hypocritical features of the persons by whom he was usually surrounded, that it seemed to him as if his heart, which had been so long oppressed, now dilated under some salutary influence. Although Gabriel had not seen M. Hardy before, he was struck with the wasted appearance of his features, and he recognised in his dejection the fatal sign of enervating submission and moral destruction, which always marks the victims of the Jesuits that escape not in time from their homicidal influence. Rodin and d'Aigrigny, concealed in their hiding-place, lost not a word of the following conversation.

"Sir," said Agricola, introducing Gabriel to M. Hardy, "here is the best and worthiest of priests; listen to him; hope and happiness will be revived in you, and you will be restored to us. He will unmask the impostors that are deceiving you by false appearances of piety, for he has himself been the victim of these wretches. Have you not, Gabriel?"

The young missionary held up his hand to moderate Agricola's excitement, and said to M. Hardy, in a mild voice, "If, sir, in your painful condition, the advice of one of your brethren can be of use to you, my services are at your disposal. Moreover, permit me to tell you, that I am already attached to you."

"To me, sir?" said M. Hardy.

“I am acquainted, sir,” replied Gabriel, “with your kindness to my adopted brother, and your admirable generosity to your workmen, by whom you are beloved. Let the consciousness of their gratitude, and the conviction of having acted right in the sight of the Lord, whose eternal kindness rejoices in what is good, be your recompence for the good you have done, and your encouragement for that which you will yet do.”

"I thank you, sir," replied M. Hardy, affected with this language, so different from that of the Abbé d'Aigrigny; "such language, in my sad condition, is consoling, and I acknowledge that the elevation and

gravity of your character add great weight to your words."

"This is what I was afraid of," whispered d'Aigrigny to Rodin; "Gabriel will rouse M. Hardy from his apathy, and plunge him into active life again."

"I am not afraid of that," replied Rodin; "M. Hardy may forget himself for a moment, but if he tries to walk, he will find that his legs are fettered."

"What is your reverence afraid of, then?"

"The slowness of our reverend father at the archbishop's."

"Ah! brother," exclaimed Agricola, pointing to the maxims hanging against the wall, "read these desolating doctrines; who could remain in solitude surrounded by them, without being plunged into the most frightful despair? Ah! it is infamous and horrible, this moral assassination!"

"You are young, my friend," said M. Hardy, shaking his head sorrowfully, "you have always been happy; you have experienced no deception; therefore, these maxims appear to you fallacious: but, alas! to me, and to the greater part of mankind, they are but too true. In this world all is sorrow and misery; for man is born to suffer. Is this not true?" added he, addressing himself to Gabriel, who replied, "No, sir, all is not sorrow and misery here below, nor is man born to suffer. God, whose essence is paternal kindness, does not delight in the sufferings of his creatures, for he designed them to be happy in this world."

"Alas! sir, these maxims, however sad, are yet extracted from a book which is almost thought equal to holy writ."

“This book was written to keep poor monks in solitude, and in the blind obedience of a life of idleness; to teach them to mistrust their brethren, and despise themselves; and the object of this debasing servility was to persuade them that their sufferings were acceptable in the sight of the Lord. It is impious—it is blasphemous—to dare to sanctify idleness, solitude, and mistrust, and to say that the Father of Mercy delights in the sufferings of his children, whom he has endowed with the treasures of creation, and destined for immortality.”

"Oh! how beautiful and consoling is your language," exclaimed M. Hardy; "but why, in spite of the kindness of Providence, are there so many wretched people on the earth?"

"Yes," replied Gabriel, "there is much misery in the world; many are deprived of all comfort and hope. They are cold, and hungry, and naked, in the midst of the immense riches which the creator intended, not for the happiness of a few, but for that of all; yet some have, by force

and fraud, gained possession of the common inheritance, and this it is that displeases God! The oppressors have dared to make the deity their accomplice, and have proclaimed this maxim, 'Man is born to suffer; his humiliation and suffering are agreeable to the Lord.' Yes, they have declared this; so that, according to these homicides, the more their victims sweat, and weep, and bleed, the more the Lord is contented and glorified."

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Hardy, as if a ray of light had suddenly illumined his clouded mind, "I always believed this, until sorrow enfeebled my intellect."

"Yes, noble and generous-hearted man! you believed this; then you did not think that all was misery here below, for your workmen were happy; you did not think that all was deception and vanity, for each day your heart was gladdened by the gratitude of your brethren; all was not then tears and desolation, for you saw smiling faces constantly around you; man was not inexorably doomed to misery, for you had crowned him with happiness. Ah!" added Gabriel, pointing to the maxims that hung round the chamber, "that book has wrought much evil; they have had the audacity to call it the 'imitation of' the word of God, yet it breathes nothing but despair, and vengeance, and death; while the Redeemer spoke only of hope, and pardon, and peace, and love."

"Oh! I believe you," exclaimed M. Hardy, with delight.

"Believe in a merciful God!" replied Gabriel. "Will you, instead of employing for the good of others the bounty he has bestowed on you, isolate yourself here for ever in enervating and sterile despair? No, no; rise, my brother," added Gabriel, cordially taking M. Hardy by the hand, "your workmen call for you, and bless you; leave this tomb; come into the open air, where the sun shines upon warm and sympathising hearts; leave this suffocating atmosphere, for the salubrious and vivifying air of liberty; come among the artisans and labourers, who regard you as their protector; there, sustained by their robust arms, and pressed to their generous hearts, surrounded by the aged, and by women and children shedding tears of joy at your return, you will be regenerated, and will feel that the power and the will of God is in you; since you will be able to contribute so much to the happiness of your brethren—"

"You are right, Gabriel; it will be to God that we shall be indebted for the return of our benefactor," exclaimed Agricola. "Now I fear nothing—M. Hardy will be restored to us."

"Yes; it will be to him," said M. Hardy,—"to this good priest, his agent—that

I shall owe my resurrection from this living sepulchre."

"You accept, then, the offers of Mademoiselle de Cardoville?" cried Agricola.

"I shall write to her presently on this subject," replied M. Hardy, "but I must first converse with Gabriel alone. Return with my thanks to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and tell her I shall have the honour of replying to her this evening."

Agricola departed in the utmost delight, and Gabriel and M. Hardy were left alone.

"Well," said d'Aigrigny to Rodin, "what does your reverence think now?"

"I think," replied Rodin, biting his nails till he brought the blood, "that they have delayed too long in returning from the archbishop's, and that all is about to be ruined by this heretical missionary."

CHAPTER XL.—THE CONFESSION.

When Agricola had left the chamber, M. Hardy approached Gabriel, and said, "Monsieur l'Abbé."

"No, no, call me your brother," cordially replied the young missionary.

"Well then, brother, your words reanimate me, and recall to my mind duties, which in my grief, I had forgotten. May my strength not fail me in the fresh trial I am about to undergo—for alas! you do not yet know all. I have painful disclosures to make—will you listen to my confession?"

"Call it, I pray you, your confidence."

"Can you not hear me as my confessor?"

"I avoid confession in my professional capacity as much as I can," replied Gabriel. "It is in my opinion attended with serious inconveniences; but I am happy when I inspire a friend with that confidence, which induces him to open his heart to me, and say, console me, I am suffering; counsel me, I am in doubt; partake of my joy, I am happy. This to me is the holiest confession, yet," added the young priest, with a sigh, "I am bound to obey the laws of the church, in virtue of vows voluntarily made. I will, if you desire it, listen to you as your confessor."

"Do you obey laws in which you do not concur?" said M. Hardy, astonished at this submission.

"Brother," replied Gabriel, sorrowfully, "a vow freely made, is, to a priest, a sacred engagement, therefore, as long as I remain in the church, I will obey its discipline, however unpleasant it may sometimes be."

"Unpleasant to you, brother?"

"Yes, but as I can best serve the sacred cause of the disinherited by remaining in the church, I submit to its discipline. I tell you this, because we both advocate the same cause; the artisans, with whom you

share the fruits of your labours, are no longer disinherited; you therefore serve Christ more effectually than I, by the good you accomplish."

"And I shall continue to serve him if I have but strength enough."

"Why should your strength fail you?"

"If you knew how unhappy I am!"

"The destruction of your factory is undoubtedly to be deplored."

"Ah!" interrupted M. Hardy, "that is but a trifle; my courage would not have forsaken me, for any misfortune that money could repair; but alas! there are losses that nothing can compensate; there are ruins of the heart that nothing can restore; yet, just now, while yielding to the influence of your generous language, the future, till then so sombre for me, was illuminated; you encouraged and animated me, by reminding me of the mission I had yet to fulfil in this world. But alas! new fears assail me when I think of returning to that agitated life which has already brought me so much suffering."

"But what gives rise to your fears?" asked Gabriel.

"Listen, I had centered all my tenderness and devotion in two beings—a friend whom I believed sincere, and a being whom I loved tenderly. The friend deceived me shamefully; and the lady sacrificed our love to the desire of her mother—she has left France for ever. Alas! such is my weakness that I fear the remembrance of these sorrows will, in spite of my good resolution, deprive me of fortitude on my return to a world which henceforth will be to me cold and barren."

"But will you not be in the midst of the honest artisans who are now waiting for you and blessing you?"

"Yes," replied M. Hardy, sorrowfully, "but formerly to the pleasure of doing good were added affections which no longer exist, and which have left an immense void in my heart that I hoped would be filled up by religion. But alas! my desolate soul has been fed with despair, which I was told, the more it tortured me, the more meritorious I would appear in the sight of the Lord."

"You have been deceived, my brother. I assure you it is happiness, and not misery, which is, in the eyes of God, the end of humanity."

"Oh! if I had sooner heard these words of hope, my wounds would have been healed instead of being incurable. I would have recommenced at an earlier period the good work you urge me to pursue. I would have found consolation in it and perhaps forgetfulness of my sorrow; whilst, at present, they have made me so familiar with misery that it seems as if it would paralyze me throughout my life."

"Courage, my friend, your wounds are

not incurable. Believe me, when once you are out of this house, they will heal rapidly, and the remembrance of your past sorrows, far from awakening in you thoughts of despair, will bring you peace and comfort—for pity and pardon are, you know, great sources of consolation. Christ was not inspired with thoughts of hatred, vengeance, and despair at the sight of those who had betrayed him; no, he found in his heart, words filled with gentleness and pardon; he smiled through his tears with ineffable indulgence, and then prayed for his enemies; therefore, instead of feeling so bitterly the treachery of a friend, pity him, and pray for him; he is perhaps more unhappy than you; who can tell you whether he does not repent? Alas! it is time, if you always dwell on the sufferings his treachery has brought on you, your heart will be afflicted; but, think of prayer and pardon, and you will be comforted."

M. Hardy remained a moment as if dazzled by the radiant horizon which Gabriel had unfolded to his view; then, his heart palpitating with varied emotions, he exclaimed, "Oh! what a holy influence there is in your language; it seems as if peace was already revived in my soul, in thinking of pardon and prayer—of prayer filled with gentleness and hope."

"You will see," resumed Gabriel, "what joys await you. And why should the memory of her whose love was so precious to you, now be so painful? why shun it? Ah! my brother, rather think of it, that you may purify and sanctify it by prayer. Let heavenly love succeed earthly love; if she has erred in the sight of God, pray for her, and he will perhaps pardon her. Did not Christ intercede for Mary of Magdalen, and the woman taken in adultery? he did not curse, but pitied and prayed for them."

"Ah!" cried M. Hardy, throwing himself into the arms of Gabriel. "You have restored me to life and hope."

Rodin and d'Aigrigny, as the reader knows, witnessed this scene. When M. Hardy threw himself into the arms of Gabriel, Rodin looked at d'Aigrigny with an air of diabolical triumph, and said, "Is there a travelling carriage here?"

"A carriage?" replied d'Aigrigny, quite astonished.

"Yes," said Rodin, impatiently, "am I speaking Hebrew? Is there a carriage here?"

"Yes, mine is here."

"Send then for post-horses immediately."

"What to do?"

"To take M. Hardy to Saint Herem this evening."

"What! to that gloomy solitude, when Gabriel has just—"

"In less than half an hour, M. Hardy

will s
him a
world
The
left th

A
embr
a lett
and th
read
"Oh!
Hard
"Y
ill ne
"Y
"It w
They
I am
to ju
—my
with
thou
you
do so
debt
bein
my c

the
more
now
agai
lette
com
form
your
will
leav

rag
an
lette
ran
livi
my
ret
of
Alc
cur
of
th
it
me
th
imp
to
fro

will supplicate me on his knees to take him away from Paris to the end of the world if I can."

The two reverend fathers then hastily left their place of concealment.

CHAPTER XII.—THE VISIT.

A few minutes after M. Hardy had embraced Gabriel, a servant entered, placed a letter in the hands of the young priest, and then left the room. When Gabriel had read the letter, he involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh! my God!" then addressing M. Hardy, he added, "Pardon, Monsieur."

"What is the matter? have you received ill news?" inquired M. Hardy.

"Yes," replied Gabriel. Then he added, "It was for this I was summoned to Paris. They have not even deigned to hear me, I am condemned without being permitted to justify myself; no matter—I must obey—my vows compel me."

M. Hardy, regarding the young priest with surprise and uneasiness, said, "Although my friendship and gratitude to you are not of long standing, can I not do something for you? I am so much indebted to you, that I should be happy in being able to discharge even a portion of my obligations."

"You have already done much for me; the memory of this day will render me more resigned to a cruel affliction. I will now bid you adieu, but I shall soon see you again."

"Are you going to leave me?"

"I must, I should like to know how this letter has reached me here. Agricola is coming to receive your orders, he will inform me of your resolutions, and give me your address, and when you please, we will see each other again."

"Let it be to-morrow, then, for I shall leave this to day."

"Well then, to-morrow; until then, courage, hope, and prayer."

The young priest departed; a quarter of an hour afterwards, a servant delivered a letter to M. Hardy, the contents of which ran as follows:—

"Sir, By chance I learn that you are living in the same respectable house as myself; a long illness and my complete retirement will account for my ignorance of our sojourning so near each other. Although we have only met once, the circumstance which procured me the honour of visiting you, was of such importance, that I believe you cannot have forgotten it. That circumstance, sir, has inspired me with such profound sympathy for you, that I cannot resist the desire of presenting my respects, and expressing a desire to see you, especially, as I have learnt, from the excellent and worthy Abbé Ga-

briel, a man whom I esteem and admire, that you are going to leave here to-day. May I hope, sir, that as you are about to leave this retreat, to enter the world again, you will deign to receive favourably the prayer of an old man, devoted henceforth to profound solitude, and who cannot hope to meet you amid the turmoil of society, which he has quitted for ever. In waiting for the honour of your reply, sir, accept the assurance of profound esteem of your humble and obedient servant—RODIN."

When M. Hardy had read the letter, he said to the servant, "Did M. Rodin give you this letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is he?"

"A good old man, who has just recovered from a long illness."

"Ah! Rodin," said M. Hardy, thoughtfully, "I do not remember his name, nor any event connected with it."

"If monsieur will give me his reply, I will take it to M. Rodin, who is with the Abbé d'Aigrigny, bidding him adieu, for the post-chaise is now ready."

"Ready for whom?"

"Abbé d'Aigrigny, monsieur."

"He is gone away then?" said M. Hardy, astonished.

"Only for a short time, monsieur; but what shall I say to M. Rodin?"

"Ask him to have the kindness to come here."

The servant went out, and in a few minutes after Rodin entered. M. Hardy uttered a slight exclamation of surprise on first seeing him; then recovering his composure, he said, "What, you here, sir! Ah! you were right in saying that the circumstance attending our first interview was important."

"Ah! my dear sir," said Rodin, "I was quite sure you had not forgotten me."

CHAPTER XIII.—PRAYER.

It will, no doubt, be remembered that Rodin informed M. Hardy of the treachery of M. Blessac, and that a few minutes afterwards the manufacturer, in the presence of the Jesuit, received information of another calamity still more distressing—the unexpected departure of the woman he adored.

It will, therefore, be easily understood how painful the presence of Rodin must be to M. Hardy; yet, owing to the salutary influence of Gabriel's counsel, he grew gradually calm, and said to Rodin, "I did not expect, sir, to meet you in this house."

"Alas!" replied Rodin, with a sigh, "nor did I think of coming here to spend the remainder of my unhappy life, when, without knowing you, and solely with the view of serving an honest man, I revealed to you the deception of a supposed friend."

"Indeed, sir, the service that you rendered me was great indeed; and, perhaps, at that painful moment, I did not convey to you a proper sense of my gratitude, for after you had revealed to me the treachery of M. Blessac——"

"You have," interrupted Rodin, "overwhelmed me with another affliction. I shall never forget the hasty arrival of that poor lady, pale and alarmed, who came to tell you, that a person, whose affection was dear to you, had suddenly left Paris."

"Yes, sir, and without thanking you, I set out immediately."

"Do you know, sir," said Rodin, after a moment's silence, "that strange coincidences sometimes take place?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"While I came to inform you that you were infamously betrayed, I—myself——" Rodin stopped, as if overpowered by his emotion, and his countenance expressed such overwhelming sorrow, that M. Hardy asked what ailed him.

"Pardon," replied Rodin, smiling sorrowfully. "Thanks to the counsel of the pious Abbé Gabriel, I am now restored, yet, sometimes, the recollection of certain occurrences cause deep affliction. The day after I told you that you were betrayed, I was, myself, the victim of infamous deception. An adopted son—an unfortunate child that had been abandoned, whom I took under my care;" then stopping again, and drawing his trembling hand across his eyes, he added—"Pardon me, sir, for speaking to you of troubles that do not concern you—excuse the sorrow of a poor heart-broken old man."

"Sir, I have suffered too much myself to be indifferent to sorrow," replied M. Hardy; "besides you are not a stranger to me, you rendered me an actual service, and we both have the same veneration for a young priest."

"The Abbé Gabriel!" interrupted Rodin. "Ah! sir, he is my preserver, my benefactor; if you knew the care and devotion he paid to me during my long illness; if you were aware of the ineffable sweetness of the counsel he gave me!"

"I do know," exclaimed M. Hardy, "how salutary is the influence of his counsel."

"Are not, sir," resumed Rodin, "the precepts of religion in his mouth filled with gentleness? are they not consoling? do they not create love and hope, instead of fear and trembling?"

"Alas, sir," said M. Hardy, "I have, even in this house, made this comparison."

"I was fortunate enough to have the Abbé Gabriel for confessor, or rather confidant——"

"Yes," replied M. Hardy, "he prefers confidence to confession."

"He is a ministering angel rather than a man; his searching language would convert the most hardened: for example, I, myself, believed in what is called natural religion, but Gabriel gradually fixed my vague ideas and endowed me with faith."

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Hardy, "he is a priest according to Christ—all love and pardon. You are, I believe, sir, going to remain in this house."

"Yes, it is so quiet here, and there is no hindrance to prayer; besides I have suffered so much—the conduct of the person who deceived me has been so detestable, and he has plunged into such various crimes, that God must be in wrath with him. I, too, am old, so that my few remaining days, past in fervent prayer, will hardly suffice to assuage the just anger of the Lord. Oh! the efficacy of prayer; it was the Abbé Gabriel that revealed to me all its power and goodness. Are you acquainted with the life of Rancey?"

"The founder of the abbey de la Trappe?" replied M. Hardy, surprised at Rodin's question. "I heard, a long time ago, a vague account of the motives of his conversion."

"There is not a more striking example of the efficacy of prayer, and of the state of almost divine extacy to which it conducts the souls of the pious. This instructive and tragic history may be given in a few words; but I beg your pardon, I am taking up your time."

"No, no," replied M. Hardy, "you cannot believe how much I am interested in what you have told me; speak on, I pray you."

"M. de Rancey was a man of the world, a soldier, young, ardent, and handsome; he loved a lady of high rank, of the obstacles which opposed their union I am ignorant, but their love was kept secret; every evening he visited his mistress privately. This was, it was said, one of those attachments which one only feels once during life; secrecy, and the sacrifice made by the young lady, seemed to give zest to this guilty passion; thus, in silence and in secret, were two years passed by the lovers. Sometimes, however, when M. de Rancey thought of the danger his mistress incurred, he wished to break off the connexion which was so dear to him, but the lady, intoxicated with love, would hang on his neck, and use entreaties, and he was too weak and amorous to resist, so they abandoned themselves to the intoxication of passion, forgetful of the world, and of their maker."

(To be continued.)

Some
numbe
mean
thes,
Engla
moirs
find a
We kn
rious,
literat
unfort
kept c
choly
who
hours
lect, b
found
truth
the m
since
To
stood
Plater
prince
jealous
The
the d
phis
tastro
It con
lady
form
the
some
plore
broug
"Co
"
door
you
a m
ceive
duri
the
of th
retu
thro
this
his
strie
rest
lital
gare
thos
rect
sove
rew
If y
me
the
you
[Pa
not
feel

A DRAMATIC MURDER.

Some curious facts appeared in a former number of the MIRROR, relative to the treatment of the Princess Sophia Dorothea, the consort of the first monarch of England of the Brunswick line. Her memoirs have recently appeared, in which we find some very singular representations. We know not how to receive them as serious, but give a specimen as a part of the literature of the day. In a diary which the unfortunate princess is supposed to have kept during her imprisonment, the melancholy end of count Königsmark, her friend, who soothed her in some of the dreary hours in which, through a husband's neglect, but for that nobleman she would have found herself alone, is described. If its truth were undoubted, it would be one of the most remarkable productions ever seen since the invention of letters.

To make what follows clearly understood, it should be stated that a Madame Platen admired Königsmark as well as the princess, and in fact seems to have been jealous of the attentions he paid to her. The count eventually lost his life; and in the diary, we are given to understand, Sophia Dorothea wrote an account of the catastrophe, which she threw into dialogue. It certainly is just possible that the poor lady thought that in giving it this dramatic form, and painting in such odious colours the conduct of Madame Platen, she, in some degree, avenged the murder she deplored. The horrid scene is strangely brought before us:—

"Countess Platen, and four halberdiers concealed in the hall.

"Countess Platen (standing within the door). Behind this chimney and the door you are all four to place yourselves in such a manner that you shall remain unperceived by the person who is to be secured during his approach along the gallery of the saloon of knights till he is in the centre of this hall; two of you are to prevent his return, and all four are to attack him, to throw him on the ground in order to thrust this handkerchief in his mouth, and secure his hands with this cord. Mind it is the strict command of the elector that the arrest be executed as quickly, and with as little noise, as possible. Whoever disregards this command will be punished, but those who pay proper attention to my directions, in order that the wishes of our sovereign may be gratified, will not only be rewarded by the elector, but also by myself. If you hear any one coming, announce it to me immediately; in the meantime, empty the bottle of punch that has been brought you, and make yourselves comfortable. [*Paces the room.*] Well, I am sure I do not know what is the matter with me, I feel such cold shiverings. But, courage!

I have now hopes of revenge. The sweetness of these hopes steels my nerves. But it would be well that I keep a good look out for his arrival. [*Goes to the door.*] Ah! he stops a long time. He ought to amuse himself well, but how unexpectedly will his visit terminate! [*To the halberdiers.*] Now! Yes! I hear some one approaching. Be very careful that two immediately cut off his retreat, and two prevent his progress—then throw him on the ground and secure his hands. (*A pause.*)

"Königsmark (from the hall). Treachery! Treachery!

"Countess Platen. Prevent him from drawing his sword. Make use of your arms! (*Noise of fighting.*) Be bold. Fear nothing. Defend yourselves well. Strike him. Throw him down. Fling him to the ground and secure his hands.

"Königsmark (from the hall). Murder me if you will, but spare the innocent princess!

"Countess Platen. Do not mind him. Do not spare him for his insolence. Do not give way. Throw him on the ground.

"Königsmark. Murder me if you will, but spare the innocent princess.

"Countess Platen. One must hold each arm, the third is to throw him off his legs, and the fourth to bind his hands and then his feet, and, above all, to muffle his mouth. Tie his hands firmly. Do not spare him. Well, now he is in our power.

"Königsmark. Spare the innocent princess!

"Countess Platen. Stop his mouth with the handkerchief. Stop his wicked mouth. Tie his legs more securely, and then bring him in.

[*Enter four trabants bringing in Königsmark severely wounded. They try to make him stand. He faints.*]

"Countess Platen. Lay him on the floor. (*They lay him down.*) Pull the handkerchief out of his mouth. (*She tries to bind up his wounds.*) Now (*addressing Königsmark*) you traitor, acknowledge your guilt, and that of the princess.

"Königsmark (recovering, and gazing around). Viper, is it you?

"Countess Platen (interrupting him). Traitor, do you inculpate yourself, to make your situation worse? Confess the guilt of yourself and the princess.

"Königsmark. Spare the innocent princess. (*Swoons again.*)

"Countess Platen (continuing to bind up his wounds). Go quickly, and fetch vinegar and water to recover him from fainting. [*Exit trabant.*]

"Königsmark (recovering.) You horrid— [*He is interrupted by the Countess, who, as if by accident, while examining his wounds with a candle pretends to be frightened, staggers, shrieks, and tramples on his mouth.*]

"Countess Platen (*perceiving Königsmark to be dying*). Ah, what is the matter with you? Oh, what a misfortune! Endeavour to keep him alive, or try to recover him. I shall look for assistance. I am obliged to go to the elector. [*Exit Countess Platen.*]

[*The three trabants endeavour to bind up the wound on his head, and look at him closely, shaking their heads.*]

"First Trabant. He is dead!"

THE ORIGIN OF THE TERMS "YANKEE" AND "UNCLE SAM."

The origin of the term *yankee*, so frequently employed by way of reproach to the American people, and even in the United States, to the inhabitants of New England, is said to be as follows. A farmer, of the name of Jonathan Hastings, of Cambridge, about the year 1713, used it as a cant, a favourite word, to express excellency when applied to anything; as a yankee good horse, yankee cider, &c., meaning an excellent horse and excellent cider. The students at the trans-atlantic *Alma Mater*, having frequent intercourse with Mr. Hastings, and hearing him employ the term on all occasions, adopted it themselves, and gave him the name of Yankee Jonathan; it soon became a cant word among the collegians to express a weak, simple, awkward person; and from college it was carried and circulated through the country, till, from its currency in the six northern states of the union, it was at length taken up and applied to the New Englanders in common, as a term of reproach. It was in consequence of this that a particular song, called "Yankee doodle," was composed by a doctor of the British army to ridicule the Americans in 1755. This is the definition I received while travelling among the *Yankees* themselves. Some suppose Yankee to be an Indian corruption of *English*. *Yenglees*, *Yangles*, *Yankles*, and finally Yankee.

"UNCLE SAM."—Immediately after the declaration of the last war between England and America, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, &c. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as "Uncle Sam,") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army. The casks were marked E. A. U. S. This work fell to the

lot of a facetious fellow in the employment of the Messrs. Wilson, who on being asked by some of his fellow workmen the meaning of the mark (for the letters U. S., United States, were almost then entirely new to them), said "He did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson, and Uncle Sam," alluding exclusively, then, to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently, and "Uncle Sam" himself being present, was occasionally rallied on the interesting extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen being of a character denominated "food for powder," were found, shortly after, following the recruiting drum, and pushing towards the camp, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy, and eating the provisions they had lately laboured to put in order. Their old jokes, of course, accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print—it gained favour rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognised in every part of the great republic, and will, no doubt, continue so while the United States remains a nation. It originated precisely as above stated; and the narrator of this article to me distinctly recollected remarking, at the time when it first appeared in print, to a person equally aware of its origin, how odd it would be should this silly joke, originating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, mud, salt, and hoop-poles, eventually become a national cognomen.

JOHN BYRNE.

MIGNON'S SONG.

(*From the German of Göthe's Wilhelm Meister.*)

[*For the Mirror.*]

Know'st thou the land where the bright citron blows,
Where 'mid dark leaves the golden orange grows,
Where gentle breezes blow from sunny skies,
Where lowly myrtles and proud laurels rise?
Know'st thou that place?

With thee, with thee,
Dearest, in that blessed land, I long to be.

Know'st thou that house, on golden pillars bright,
Whose gorgeous chambers stream with dazzling light,
Where states gaze, as though they'd say to me—
Alas! poor child, what have they done to thee?
Know'st thou that house?

With thee, with thee,
In that fair house, my guardian, would I be.

Know'st thou that hill, with cloud-encircled brow,
Where mules are toiling through the mist and snow;
In dreary caves the broods of dragons dwell;
The rocks leap down, and tumbling torrents swell?
Know'st thou that hill?

With thee, with thee,
My father, on these mountain paths I'd be.

CRABS

Walter
the man
has the
land cra
of an in
and at n
on reco
occasion
lish lan
Spanish
and cor
pushed,
advance
ready fo
post bel
rently t
feet, an
lanceme
galling
before.
vered,
comrad
pitately
But the
land or
recede
occasio
leaves,
for the
rating
ulous
'in Fic
the cr
day, w
carrie
the h
curious
from
feast,
ral rei
in the
massi
Fren
off its
throu

La
Oster
court
judg
eighty
this
born
his v
ery
little
he i
meth
ble o
to th
om

CRABS MISTAKEN FOR CAVALRY.

Walton, in his "Hispaniola," speaking of the marine productions of St. Domingo, has the following curious anecdote of the land crab. "The land crabs found here are of an immense size, burrow in the sands, and at night issue in great numbers. It is on record amongst the natives, that on one occasion, in the still of the night, the English landed an ambuscade to surprise the Spanish camp, which, being unprepared, and consisting of irregulars, had it been pushed, must have certainly fallen. The advanced line from the first boats had already formed, and were proceeding to take post behind a copse, when they heard apparently the loud and quick clatter of horses' feet, and, as they supposed, of the Spanish lancemen, who are dexterous, and whose galling onset they had experienced the day before. Thus believing themselves discovered, and dreading an attack before their comrades had joined, they embarked precipitately, and abandoned their enterprise. But the alarm proved to be these large land crabs, which, at the sound of footsteps, receded to their holes; and the noise was occasioned by their clattering over the dry leaves, which the English soldiers mistook for the sound of cavalry. In commemorating this defeat, considered highly miraculous, the inhabitants solemnly celebrated 'la Fiesta de los Cangrejos,' or the feast of the crabs, held on the anniversary of the day, when an immense solid gold crab was carried about in procession, equal in size of the head of a drum. This valuable and curious piece of plate, collected principally from the devotion of the people to this feast, and in celebration of their supernatural release, long held an undisturbed place in the sanctuary of the cathedral; but its massive weight was too tempting to the French, when they arrived, who soon took off its hallowed character, by passing it through the crucible.

A. S. W. L.

The Gatherer.

Law Anecdote.—The petition of Timothy Oates, in the year 1792, public crier of the court in Wiltshire, represented to the judges: "That your petitioner is this day eighty-four years of age, and was a crier in this court before either of your honours were born. That, small as his perquisites are, his wants are still smaller. He, alas! can cry no longer, but he may possibly live a little longer; and during that small period he implores to cry by proxy. His son Jonathan has a sonorous echoing voice, capable of rousing a sleeping juror or witness, to the remotest nook of the court-house; our petitioner begs that Jonathan may be

accepted as his substitute; so that, of your petitioner it may be said when he is dead and gone, that, although he cried almost all the days of his life yet he never shed a tear."—The bench granted the petition *nem con.*

Experiments on Wheat.—The British Association for the Advancement of Science have obtained the following answers to the questions enumerated:—1st. What is the average amount of inorganic matter in the grain of wheat? From 1.5 to 1.75 per cent. 2nd. What is the difference in the result obtained from the combustion of wheat which has been previously dried at different temperatures? A great number of experiments were made by drying at temperatures of 245 deg., 260 deg., and 60 deg., and the difference of result was shown to be considerable. 3rd. Can any temperature be recommended as the one to be preferred, at which the materials for these and similar experiments should be dried? The result of the experiments alluded to in the previous answer was in favour of the temperature of 60 deg. 4th. Can any chemical preparation be added to the substances experimented upon before or during the combustion, which will facilitate the otherwise tedious process? Several substances were tried, particularly nitric acid, but they all failed to give satisfactory results. The percentage left by nitric acid was always less, but not uniformly less, than it ought to have been. 5th. Does the quantity of inorganic matter bear any relative proportion to the specific gravity of the grain—that is, to its weight per bushel? The experiments show that a steady *inverse ratio* is maintained between the proportionate weight per bushel and the amount of ashes. Wheat weighing 64lbs. per bushel yields 1.5 per cent.; and this amount gradually increases, till wheat weighing 58lbs. per bushel gives 1.75 per cent. 6th. The practical question then follows:—How much inorganic matter is removed from the soil of an acre of land by the grain of a crop of wheat? The answer is one pound per bushel.

Grenadiers in Russia.—It appears that in Russia, grenadiers are extravagantly honoured. In the collection of drawings belonging to the famous ventriloquist, M. Alexandre, there is a sketch by no less a personage than the emperor Nicholas. The subject which employed the imperial pencil was a grenadier. "A lady in good society," says Mr. Raikes (in his 'City of the Czar'), "of whom you were to ask for what profession she intended her son, would laugh in your face." She is the mother of a future grenadier; her ideas have no further range, and, beyond a pair of epaulettes, does not mount her highest ambition.

Comparative Expenses of Honour.—Sir John Bramston, chief justice of the court of King's Bench in the time of Charles I, being offered a baronetcy which he declined, but he accepted that of being a knight of the Bath. The former he says neuer likeinge a descendable honor; and in my judgment I did and doe thinke, the honour of baronets a great injury of the crowne, it takeinge off the dependance of soe manie considerable families in every countie, which, haueinge as much honor as theire estates are capable of, are not at all sollicitous to serue or apply to the crowne. I might haue binn much cheaper a baronet, for tho' I payd noething for the letter but the lord Chamberlins Secretaries fee, and might haue had a warrant for a patent for baronet gratis too, yet the equippinge myselfe, page, and seruants, with the fees cost me 500 pounds, whereas the fees of the patent would haue binn vnder 200 pound a great deale."

Party of Pleasure to Constantinople.—A lover of sights proposes that a party shall be made to visit the Turkish capital early in December, to witness the uncovering at the Seraglio, of the Khyrquai Sheriff, or holy black robe of the prophet, which is there deposited in the sacred chamber, enveloped in forty coverings of the richest stuffs. The ceremony of displaying this sacred relic accomplished, and a long form of prayer gone through, the sultan and all who accompany him, proceed to kiss it in succession, and it is then plunged into a basin of water, from which, after all have drunk, small vials are filled by the Kislari Aga, which, sealed with his own seal, he sends to every one who assisted at the solemnity; and the possession of it is supposed to repel sickness and all sorts of calamities for one year. If its efficacy can be satisfactorily established, to bring home some of this water would make the expedition extremely profitable in a mercantile point of view.

Monkeys and Snakes.—In one of the Asiatic Annual Registers, there is a remarkable account of the manner in which monkeys destroy snakes. The monkeys in question inhabit a prodigious banyan tree, on the banks of the Nerbudda, having 350 large trunks, and above three thousand smaller columns; but the monkey colonies are annoyed by having snakes for their neighbours, and being perfectly aware of the danger to be apprehended from these enemies, and where it lies, they watch the snakes till they perceive them asleep, then creep towards them, seize them fast by the neck, haul them to the nearest flat stone, and then grind down the head by dint of violent friction, every now and then stopping to breathe a little to take a proper view at the progress of their work. When the relentless operator has demolished the

head so far as to be well assured that the venomous fangs are utterly destroyed, he tosses the withering body to the young pugs for a plaything, and their exultation is conspicuous in all their motions, as they toss the unarmed reptile from one to another.—*Oriana.*

Country Residences.—"The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window, the holly providently planted about the house to cheat the winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a resemblance of green summer to cheer the fire-side; all these bespeak the influence of taste flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest level of the 'public mind. If ever love, as poets say, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant."—*Washington Irving.*

How to get on in Trade.—"Let me give you one piece of advice, though I believe you want it less than most manufacturers in Ireland. Never think your paper either good enough or cheap enough, be it ever so cheap, but always endeavour to make it both better and cheaper, and sacrifice a little present and precarious to future and permanent profit. Acquire the public confidence in the goodness and reasonableness of your manufacture, and your fortune will be solid and lasting, both to you and your family, if they will tread in your steps. I know a thread-merchant of Rotterdam, who has got above thirty thousand pounds by his industry, punctuality, and integrity. He never let a yard of bad thread go out of his hands, and never took a farthing more than reasonable profit. By these means he has acquired such confidence, that people make no difficulty of sending a blind man or a child for what thread they want, sure not to be deceived either in the quantity or the quality of it."—*Lord Chesterfield's Advice to an Irish Paper-maker.*

Sudden Death frequently occurs from drinking large quantities of cold water in warm weather. Quintus Curtius relates that Alexander once lost more men from drinking cold water, after a long march through the desert, than he ever lost in battle.

LONDON: Printed and Published by AIRD and BURSTALL, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.